



"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,"—TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1805.

ESSAYS.

ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

PHYSGNOMY is a subject in which all persons, more or less, become interested. Whenever we behold a new face, we involuntarily form some conclusion respecting the one who wears it; that it is the index of a mind either honest, or dishonest; cultivated, or barren; generous and friendly, or inimical and covetous; with many other qualities which the gazer is ready to attribute to it.

Nature, in none of her gifts to mankind, has acted with more diversity than in forming the lineaments of the human countenance; and art, amongst all its curious machinations, has never been more successful in counterfeiting nature than when it exercises its skill on this multifarious picture. Had it been Lavater's fortune to have lived at this day, and had chance thrown him into a circle of our modern belles, I believe that even he would confess himself completely brow-beaten. Should he gaze at the eyes of any, and imagine he saw weeping sensibility sitting there, would he, without hesitancy, infer that compassion occupied the heart? If the lines of any of the countenances appeared to be drawn by the livid pencil of adversity, would he hence conclude that misfortune was sole tenant of the breast?—Should he observe Cupid playing his sports in sparkling glances and languishing smiles, would he assert that true love was his prompter within?

I question whether such conclusions from such appearances would gain much support from experience. At the present day the mind looks through a mask. Modesty gains but little by the blushing cheek; sympathy is not much softened by the falling tear, and virtue not much refined by the averted look. Delicacy

and refinement are famous topics in theory; but, in modern days, almost non-existences in practice. What an astonishing refinement of sensibility characterises a woman who will swoon into a delirium at some trivial accident happening to a favorite dog, and at the same time can gaze unmoved at a fellow mortal writhing on the wheel of torture. However, some such there are, where the swelling sigh, which was once the sentient whisper of a compassionate soul, now mingles itself with the gentlest breeze, and greets the falling leaf with as tender an emotion as it parts with a living object. Yet now and then, we behold nature retaining her ancient prerogative, and see the charms of virtue unsullied by the refinement of art. And this is the completest shade that ever escaped the divine pencil. Whereas fibres join the woof, so do the qualities of the mind the shades of the countenance. Here the virtuous transactions of the soul are wrote on legible lines, and here we behold a rendezvous, where all the genuine feelings of humanity are wont to assemble.

HAPPINESS.

THE great object of every person is the attainment of felicity; yet how very few catch even a faint glimmering of the beloved object whose charms have allured them to the pursuit. Although we see thousands apparently happy, on whose countenances sportively bask the smiles of apparent contentment and joy, yet, could we have access to the heart, instead of smiles we should see felicity in ruins, and the pale spectres of happiness mantled in grief. The enjoyment of many who call themselves happy, is merely negative. That of others, is, in its very nature, fleeting and transitory.

"O happiness! our being's end and aim

"How few know more of thee than just the name."

To be happy the mind must be virtuous, must be enlightened, must be refined. Whatever other minds may boast of enjoyment, it is such an one only that can realize it. Here are we to look for real, substantial peace; for pleasures chaste and refined, for happiness, exquisite and lasting. How many miss the great object of pursuit, by mistaking its nature. They view a picture drawn by the magic pencil of an imagination, wild and romantic; but the reality they have never seen. Although, for a time the mind may be pleased with the wild sketches of fancy's imagery, yet, such is its nature that it can never be satisfied short of that which is really substantial and excellent.

Many reasons might be assigned, why mankind are not happy. Perhaps nothing is more essentially requisite to our happiness, than forming when young, a just estimate of life, than thoroughly scanning what will in its own nature, and what will not yield us the desired felicity. In youth, we see before us a paradise of joys. We gaze with rapture upon a horizon painted with all the blushes of the morning. We behold ourselves surrounded with every thing which can captivate and charm. The most beautiful flowers regale the eye; the sweetest odors are wafted upon the breeze, the ear is enchanted with the choicest music of nature, all the senses are lulled into the most delightful tranquillity; nay, the whole man is taken captive in bliss.—Such is the paradise which is formed by the youthful mind. We gaze, we admire: but like Adam, we do not reflect that some *unabstemious Eve* may marr all the beauties of the scene, and banish us forever from all, that in pros-

pect, we had so fondly enjoyed. Well might Cowper exclaim,

"Defend me therefore, common sense, say I,
"From reveries so airy; from the toil
"Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
"And growing old in drawing nothing up."

To enjoy life, we must view it as it is, and look for those enjoyments only which humanity can realize. It is not because happiness is unattainable that so many are unhappy. We pass it heedlessly by, and look for that which exists only in imagination.

"She comes too meanly dress'd to win our smile,
"And calls herself *Content*, a homely name!
"Our flame is transport, and content our scorn.
"Unknowing what our mortal state admits,
"Life's modest joys we ruin, while we raise;
"And all our extasies are wounds to peace."

Some found all their expectations of happiness on wealth; others, on the "whistling of a name." They fondly expect, that, like the fiery chariot of Elijah, it will, in safety, conduct them to their wish'd for heaven. But doubly vain are all expectations of felicity, which are founded on wealth or honors. Experience hath long since taught, and reason strongly testifies, that they are wholly insufficient to satisfy the desires of the soul. A virtuous and well enlightened mind is the only substantial wealth, and the testimony of a good conscience is far more desirable than the mad applause of the world. [Bal.]

MISCELLANY.

BENEVOLENCE & HUMANITY.

ADDRESSED TO YOUTH.

YOUTH is the proper season of cultivating the benevolent and humane affections. As a great part of your happiness is to depend on the connections which you form with others, it is of high importance that you acquire betimes the temper and the manners which will render such connections comfortable. Let a sense of justice be the foundation of all your social qualities. In your most early intercourse with the world, and even in your youthful amusements, let no unfairness be found. Engrave upon your mind that sacred rule of "doing in all thing to others, according as you wish that they should do unto you." For this end, impress yourselves with a sense of the original and natural quality of men. Whatever advantages you may possess above others never display them with an ostentatious superiority. It becomes you

to act among your companions a man with man. Remember how unknown to you are the vicissitudes of the world; and how often they, on whom ignorant and contemptuous young men often looked down with scorn, have risen to be their superiors in future years. Compassion is an emotion of which you ought never to be ashamed.—Graceful is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. Let not ease and indulgence contract your affections, and wrap you up in foolish enjoyments. Accustom yourselves to think of the distresses of human life; of the solitary cottage, the dying parent and the weeping orphan.—Never sport with pain and distress in any of your amusements, nor treat the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.

[Of the manner in which the Emperor of China administers justice, and gives protection to the meanest of his subjects, the following anecdote, which is current in that country, is an affecting example.—*Morse's Geography.*]

A MERCHANT of the city of Nankin had with equal industry and integrity, acquired a considerable fortune, which awakened the rapacious spirit of the viceroy of that province: On the pretence, therefore, of its being too rapidly accumulated, he gave some intimations of his design to make a seizure of it. The merchant, who had a numerous family, hoped to baffle the oppressive avarice that menaced him, by dividing his possessions among his children, and depend upon them for support.

But the spirit of injustice, when strengthened by power is not easily thwarted in its designs—the viceroy, therefore, sent the children to the army, seized on their property, and forced the father to beg his bread. His tears and humble petitions were fruitless—the tyrannical officer, this vile vicegerent of a beneficent sovereign, disdained to bestow the smallest relief on the man he had reduced to ruin—so that, exasperated by the oppression of the minister, the merchant at length determined to through himself at the feet of the sovereign, to obtain redress or die in his presence.

With this design he begged his way to Pekin—and, having surmounted

all the difficulties of a long and painful journey he at length arrived at the imperial residence—and having prepared a petition that contained a faithful statement of his injuries he waited with patience in an outer court until the Emperor should pass to attend the council. But the poverty of his appearance had almost frustrated his hopes—and the attendant mandarins were about to chastise his intrusion, when the attention of the Emperor was attracted by the bustle which the poor man's resistance occasioned—at this moment he held forth a paper, which his Imperial Majesty ordered to be brought to his palanquin; and having perused its contents, commanded the petitioner to follow him.

It so happened that the viceroy of Nankin was attending his annual duty in the council: the Emperor, therefore, charged him with the crime stated in the poor man's petition, and commanded him to make his defence; but, conscious of his guilt, and amazed at the unexpected discovery, his agitations, his looks, and his silence, condemned him—The emperor then addressed the assembled council on the subject of the viceroy's crime, and concluded this harangue with ordering the head of that tyrannical officer to be instantly brought him on the point of a sabre. The command was obeyed; and while the poor man was wondering on his knees at the extraordinary event of the moment, the Emperor addressed him in the following manner: Look said he, on the awful and bleeding example before you, and as I now appoint you his successor and name you viceroy of the province of Nankin; let his fate instruct you to fulfil the duties of your high and important office with justice and moderation.

LONDON.

THIS metropolis, comprehends, besides London, Westminster and Southwark, no less than forty-five villages of considerable extent, independent of a vast accession of buildings upon the open fields in the vicinity. Its length is nearly eight miles, its breadth three, and its circumference twenty-six: It contains about eight thousand streets, lanes, alleys and courts, and more than sixty-five different squares; its houses, warehouses, and other buildings make

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one hundred and sixty-two thousand, besides two hundred and forty-six churches and chapels, two hundred and seven meeting-houses for Dissenters, forty-three chapels for foreigners, and six synagogues for the Jews, which in all make five hundred and two places of worship. The number of inhabitants during the sitting of Parliament is estimated at one million two hundred and fifty thousand; among these are found about fifty thousand common prostitutes, and no less than sixty thousand thieves, coiners, and other bad people of that description. The annual depredations on the public, by this numerous body of pilferers, are estimated at the sum of two million one hundred thousand pounds sterling. In this vast city there are, moreover, upwards of four thousand seminaries for education; eight institutions for promoting morality; ten institutions for promoting the arts; one hundred and twenty-two asylums for the indigent; seventeen for the sick and lame; thirteen dispensaries; 704 charitable institutions; fifty-six courts of justice; seven thousand and forty professional men connected with various departments of the law. There are thirteen thousand five hundred vessels trading to the river Thames in the course of a year, and forty thousand waggons going and returning to the Metropolis in the same period, including their repeated voyages.

The amount of exports and imports to and from the Thames is estimated at 66,811,932l. sterling annually, and the property floating in this great city every year, is 170,000,000l. sterling.—These circumstances may be sufficient to convince us of the amazing extent and importance of the capital of the British Empire.

AMUSING.

NOBODY.

AYE, Nobody—and why not?—As for my single self I see no just cause or impediment why my name and a newspaper should not be joined together, in the tenuous bands of scribbling wedlock, as well as any other airy body. There's your Busybody and your Anybody and your Somebody and your Everybody—each, each in his turn runs the race of typographical notoriety; whilst I who boast a pedigree as great, nay, (being eldest of the Body

family) of greater antiquity than either, am doomed to grope through the labyrinths of mere verbal consequence.—Against such an unequal distribution of rights among brethren of the same principle, of the same texture, I solemnly protest—and more especially against the frequent unhallowed profanation of my good name and character. Yea, in my own proper capacity I am resolved to defend both; and, contrary to a certain dogma of philosophers, prove, that I, *No-body*, possess the fundamental principles of a *real* body, or matter; inasmuch as I occupy *space*, to wit:—length and breadth—though as for *depth* I do not contend.

All my enemies—that is, all the world, utter daily calumnies on my fame—Ought I not then to avenge it.

Says Goody Gaffer, "Ah John! you will be the ruin of your family—causing it every night: Who was with you last night?" "With, mother—Nobody!"

Little master lets fall a glass—it breaks—in comes the nurse—"Sirrah! who did this?" "No-bo-dy!"

Miss has a lover—he stays late—next morning, a female friend gets a hint of it, (*for the balmy breeze whispers these things to the sex*)—she calls on her, and after some chit-chat, drily observes, "Why really Melinda, you seem indisposed to-day—I fear you rested ill last night—Oh! while I think of it, prithee what rude creature kept you up so unseasonably?" "Rude! me! up! (stammering and crimsoning) why—why—Nobody! (Zounds! when I'd swear by the ghost of a shadow that I never saw the huzzey.)"

Obadiah Primrose is a beau—he struts about big with himself—wears a frizzled crop—bolster cravat—three inch vest—sack pantaloons—Swarrow boots with tassels—carries a six inch rattan, and visits the ladies. The other day in a large circle, while officiously pressing a lady to take some lemonade which she had repeatedly declined, he turned a part of it upon her gown. A friend who sat near, but did not at the moment see the transaction, shortly after observing her gown soiled, inquired who did it? Maria, twisting up the tip of her nose and glancing at Obadiah, replied with burlesque solemnity, "Alas—*Nobody!*"—(What an insult to my name!)

A young woman makes a false step—it leaks out—all the world whispers, "Whose is't?—whose is't?"—and the same world maliciously answers—"No-body knows"—(Scoundrels! when I know nothing at all about it.)

But these are only small thefts—mere petty larcenies on my reputation. In future numbers I may expose some of a more heinous nature. Meantime, Messrs. Printers, as I am willing to bear all that belongs to me, should my cousin, Anybody, ask you who writes this, you're welcome to tell him it is

NOBODY.

MANY deplorable accidents have happened during the snow, which is now about breathing out its last.—Scarce a day has gone by without some casualty occurring.—Sleighs overturning—broken limbs—shatter'd heads, and other disastrous events has swelled the catalogue to an enormous size!—This has been a noble harvest for our doctors, who reap the cash, while people fond of pleasure pay the piper!

Among the number I have to notice the following distressing calamity.—Several ladies a few days since on a jaunt up the country, in crossing a creek were rudely beset by the violence of the water—over went the sleigh—out went the girls, kicking and scrambling like so many crippled pigeons—down swam one of their muffs, which a gunner mistaking for *Reynard* among some bushes where it had lodged, discharged his piece, and hastening to secure his game, to his no small astonishment, drew out the poor muff! the lady bewailed the loss, especially at this time, when from the fall into the creek, herself, including her companions, were little short of half frozen—Now in this one circumstance were combined many evils—wet from head to foot!—frightened almost to death!—Sleigh broke to pieces!—no house near!—and worst of all muff shot in strings!—have a care *Master J*—when you again shoot at *Foxes!* Z.

The severe compulsion of the weather has at length obliged the *Ladies* to wear *petticoats*.

In the paragraph, announcing the death of Miss Charlotte Cloninger, which appeared in our last number, the reader is requested to correct the following error: For '36d' read '14th.'

POETRY.

FOR THE HIVE.

THE STORM.

THE whistling wind proclaims the storm at hand,
The trees low bending sigh their plaintive moan,
Twisted boughs and leaves lay scatter'd o'er the land;
Or on the jarring elements are blown.

The tender partridge sounds her pipe so shrill,
Across the mead, it echoes back her call;
The bellowing cattle rush from yonder hill,
And straitway hasten to their fodder'd stall.

The wearied plough-boy glad to hail the drops,
That fast now falling, end his labours end;
While heavy clouds hang on the mountain tops,
And floods of liquid tears from each descend!

Hark! the swelling brook babbles o'er yon steep,
And forms a creek along the vally plain;
While broken branches on the current sweep,
That bears them headlong to the raging main!

The storm abates—the clouds disperse at will;
The sun peeps forth in golden splendor dress'd;
The murr'ring clapper of yon busy mill,
Lulls ev'ry care that dares the soul molest.

The feather'd songsters 'mid the shady grove,
Soft warble notes of sweetest melody;
Or charm their mates with artless strains of love,
And chirping swear they'll ever faithful be.

ALONZO.

TO-MORROW.

DELUSIVE shades of future joys,
Whose fancied bliss the soul decoys,
Then mocks our pain and sorrow;
Tho' oft deceiv'd the sanguine mind
Still forward looks, and hopes to find
More real bliss to-morrow.

Ask the fond infant how or why
Refrains from tears his harmless eye,
No sighs his bosom harrow,
When by his side his parent lies
In death—the innocent replies
"She'll wake again to-morrow."

You smile—but pause—your thought recall,
Vain hopes make children of us all:
Here wisdom's bounds are narrow;
More vain than children's pu'ile schemes,
Are half mankind's deceptious dreams
Of happiness to-morrow.

The miser, buried 'midst his ore,
Though warn'd by age to crave no more,
Though years his visage furrow—
Still mocks the pleadings of distress,
And cries with raptures, "I'll possess
"A million clear to-morrow."

Hold! selfish wretch! the hand of death,
E'en now is rais'd to grasp thy breath,
And whelm thy soul in horror—
Ere morn thy form shall lie as cold,
As senseless as thy darling gold;
Who'll count thy wealth to-morrow?

Young Damon smil'd when o'er the tide,
His lov'd, his native land he spy'd,

He bade adieu to sorrow—
"I see, he cried, my long lost home,
"My LAURA dwells beneath yon dome,
"I'll meet her arms to-morrow."

But ere night veils the wat'ry world,
By boist'rous winds the brage is hurl'd,
Death frowns with ghastly horror—
O'erwhelm'd beneath the rolling deep,
He "sinks to everlasting sleep,"
And breathes no more to-morrow.

The prodigal, devoid of fear,
To-day pursues his wild career,
And time and cash will borrow;
"All this, he cries, I'll soon repay,
I will reform some future day:"
A jail's his lot to-morrow.

"To-day! cries Tom, O! how it grieves
"My soul, to pore o'er musty leaves,
"And my poor brain thus harrow—
"Tis but a day—then pleasure come,
"Thro' the enchanting paths I'll roam,
"And study more to-morrow."

Mistaken youth, improve to-day,
Nor throw the precious hours away—
Neglect engenders sorrow;
Youth fades as rainbows mock the view;
The spring of life soon bids adieu;
Old age is but to-morrow.

In human life, thro' every stage,
From infancy to tott'ring age,
To-day is found too narrow;
For man's pursuit some wider field
Is sought, and virtue's cause must yield
Each day until to-morrow.

Thus wrote ACASTO—night now shed
Her influence o'er his drowsy head;
Sleep call'd him to his burrow;
The God of indolence was near,
And whisper'd slyly in his ear,
"Come—write the rest to-morrow."

ACASTO.

ADVICE TO THE FAIR.

YE fair, ever blooming and gay,
Who flutter in fashion's wild train;
Oh cast each poor trifle away,
They're joys for the giddy and vain.

Ah bid not the pencil of art,
To tarnish each dimple so sleek;
Far sweeter they glow from the heart,
That sports on the innocent cheek.

Let modesty temper each charm,
Nor art prompt the anguishing sigh;
Mild beauty the bosom will warm,
Contrasted, it palls on the eye.

Feb. 11.

LYSANDER.

TO CALUMNY.

THOU fiend of hated form, approach not
here

Conceived in guilt, and by dire envy born,
At thy approach mild virtue disappear,
And trembling fly thy black detested form;
Indignant hold thee, and thy hell-born train,
Then hence, and seek thy dark abode again.
Hence with thy whispers, hence, I thee reject,
Thou vile contemner of all laws divine;
The unsuspecting soul thou dost select
For food delicious to those jaws of thine;
For innocence oft falls a prey to thee,
While the more cautious guilty soul goes
free.

Thou image of our old inveterate foe,
Whose breath is poison and whose tongue
is gall;

With those who loves thee to Averous go,
On that stench'd lake may thy retinue fall,
There with them live on the confines of hell,
But never, never hope with me to dwell.

ELIZA.

FYE FOR SHAME.

BEHOLD a damsel in distress,
Above sixteen, indeed, 'tis true;
For ever snubb'd by aunty Bess,
A cross old maid of forty-two:
To Strephon if I smile or speak,
She cries—That spirit, miss, I'll tame;
And should he kiss my hand or cheek,
"Tis—Forward hussy, fye for shame."

But yet I know, 'twixt you and I,
'Tis envy only makes her rail;
For yester evening Parson Sly
Stept in to taste my father's ale:
Close up to Bess his chair he drew,
First kiss'd her, then confess'd a flame;
She smil'd and blush'd; when in I flew,
And cry'd—Fye, aunty, fye for shame.
So let her rail no more at me,
I think she now may hold her tongue;
For women kind, I plainly see,
Are all alike, both old and young.
And should young Strephon urge his suit,
And beg the happy day I'd name,
Believe me, I would not be mute,
Tho' all the world cry'd—fye for shame.

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